

Jane Snider

Linette Parsons

Lorey Richards

Winifred Saxton

Hazel Schaeffer

Johnny Campbell

Anita Derby

Marie Ekstrom

Mary Beth St. Lutzhouse

Bonnie Jean Chitty

Harriette Giesey

Helen White

Betty Hopkins

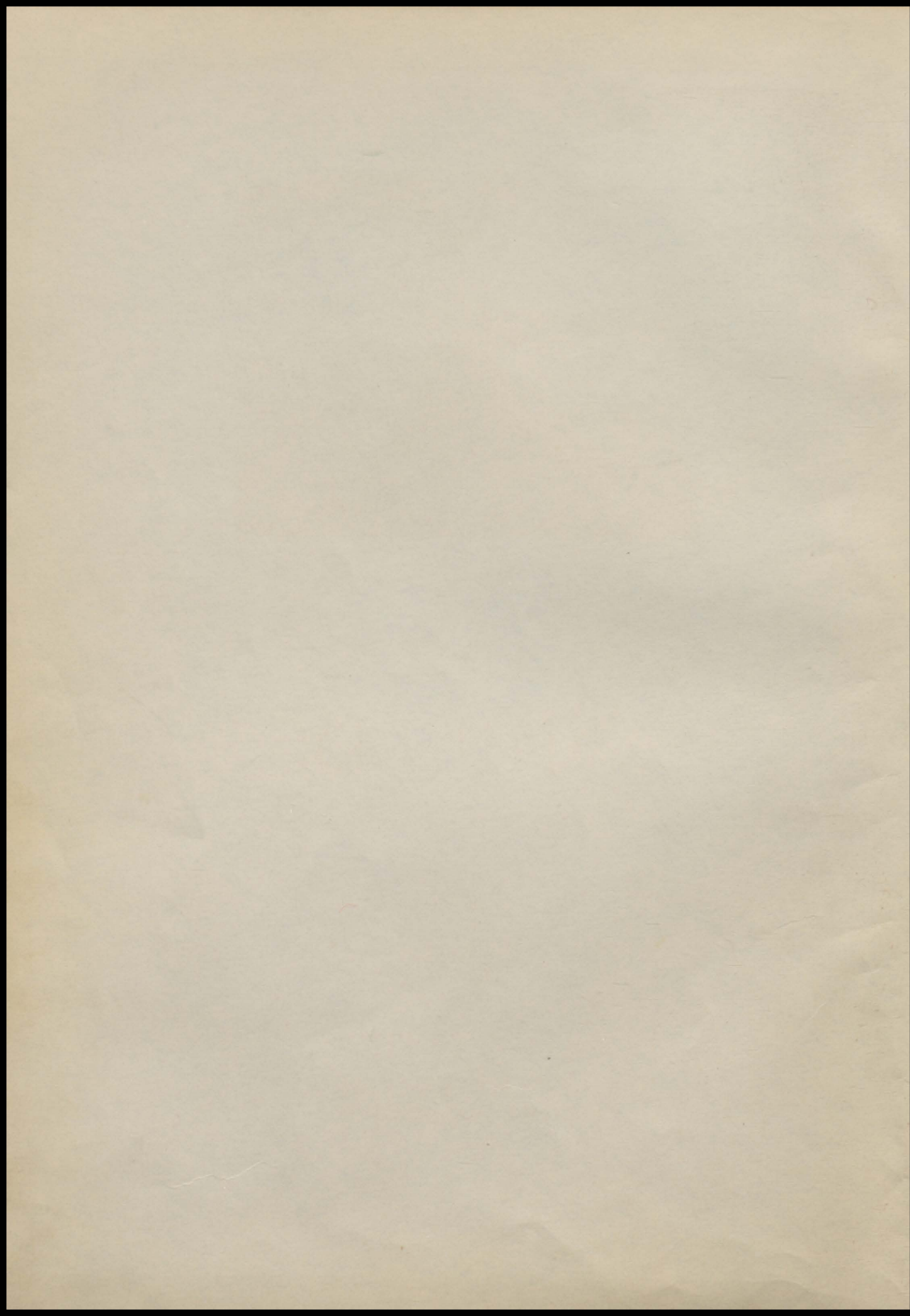
Mary Jeanne Norris

Frances McGinnis

Catherine Gilbert

Jane Bronson

George Wilmon





THE SHIELD

"From strength to strength"

THE ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

1942

THE SCHOOL SONG

I

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Seminary fair,
May achievements crown thy labors
Is our earnest prayer.

Chorus:

*Hearts turned toward our Alma Mater,
May our lives at length
Prove thy daughters bear thy motto,
"On from Strength to Strength."*

II

Deep and clear as those blue waters
Thou art reared above,
May the characters thou molddest
Hold thee in their love.

Chorus:

III

Pure as yonder snow clad mountains
Where our glances fall,
May we in the years to follow
Answer to thy call.

Chorus:

NELLIE BRIDGMAN PLUMMER, '95.



In Loving Memory of
JANE TITCOMB, '44 WHO HAS TRULY GONE
"FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH"

3824 - 1942

WITH GREAT RESPECT AND DEEP REGARD

The Rt. Rev. S. Arthur Huston, D. D., LL. D.	- - -	Bishop of Olympia
Mrs. Grahame H. Powell	- - - - -	Dean of Residence
Miss Marjorie Atkinson (<i>on leave</i>)	- - - - -	English
The Rev. Arthur Bell	- - - - -	Chaplain, Religious Education
Miss Marian Brush	- - - - -	Organist
Mlle. Doris M. Cadieux	- - - - -	French
Mrs. Elsie Cook	- - - - -	Classes I and II
Miss Henrietta M. Crane	- - - - -	Mathematics
Mrs. Vernon E. Crowe	- - - - -	Field Secretary
Mrs. Leone Cummings	- - - - -	Classes III and IV
Mrs. Uwarda E. Day	- - - - -	Dance
Miss Presley Ellis	- - - - -	English, History, Library
Miss Marion Findlay	- - - - -	Housekeeper
Miss Florence Greason	- - - - -	Nurse
Mrs. J. A. Hiatt	- - - - -	English
Miss Vera Hylton	- - - - -	Science
Miss Ingrid Jacobsen	- - - - -	Music
Mrs. Cortland Johnsen	- - - - -	Physical Education
Miss Dorothy Knowlton	- - - - -	Classes V and VI
Mrs. B. N. Lenham	- - - - -	Home Economics, Dietitian
Miss Helen McKay (<i>on leave</i>)	- - - - -	Science
Miss Margaret McTavish	- - - - -	Kindergarten
Miss Lula Margetis	- - - - -	Latin, Civilization
Mrs. Florence Perry	- - - - -	Financial Secretary
Mrs. Lois Beil Sandall	- - - - -	Oral Expression, Dramatics
Mrs. Douglas Seeley	- - - - -	French, Art
Miss Louise Schreiber	- - - - -	Spanish, German
Mrs. Erdine Schwan	- - - - -	Kindergarten
Mrs. Richard Shearer	- - - - -	English, Art
Miss Sarah B. Thompson	- - - - -	Mathematics
Miss Adelaide Van Rensselaer	- - - - -	History, Civilization
Mr. Frederick W. Wallis	- - - - -	Voice
Mrs. Karl Weiss	- - - - -	Music
Mrs. Alice Welch	- - - - -	Housemother



EDITORIAL STAFF

Front row, left to right: Anita Derby (Art and Activities Editor), Mary Jeanne Norris (Business Manager), Frances McGinnis (Editor-in-Chief), Hazel Schaeffer (Photography Editor), Catherine Gilbert (Sports Editor). Back row, left to right: Winifred Saxton (Alumnae Editor), Jane Snider (Literary Editor), Georgiana Wiebenson (Lower and Middle School Editor). Advisers: Miss Fitch and Mrs. Hiatt.

FOREWORD

SINCE 1931 the purpose of the staff of *The Shield* has been not only to live up to the standards of their predecessors but also to set new standards for their successors. This year the Class of 1942 presents the eleventh edition of *The Shield* with the hope that this dual purpose has been properly and interestingly fulfilled.

The staff of *The Shield* of 1942 wishes to express its appreciation to the many people who have come to its rescue: to Miss Fitch, whose untiring help has been an inspiration; to Mrs. Hiatt, who has guided our literary efforts; to the entire senior class, which has been faithful, in season and out, in its work to make our yearbook a success; to Virna Haffer and Mr. Eyerman, whose lovely pictures make our annual more complete; and to the North Pacific Bank Note Company, for their care and interest in the printing of this book.

This year we have dedicated *The Shield* to the memory of Jane Titcomb and we want to express to Jane's mother our loving appreciation of all she has done for the school. We hope that the feeling of love, loyalty, and respect which Jane had for the Seminary will live and grow in the hearts and minds of those who will follow us, and in whose hands we leave the responsibility of *The Shield* in the years to come. In this spirit we offer you *The Shield* of 1942!

FRANCES MCGINNIS, *Editor-in-Chief*.

THE CLASS OF 1942

OFFICERS

President - - - - - JANE BRONSON
Vice President - - - - - WINIFRED SAXTON
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - MARIE ECKSTROM

Advisers

MISS FITCH

MISS GREASON

Class Colors - - - - - Red and White

CLASS MOTTO

"As thy days so shall thy strength be"

—Deuteronomy

JANE BRONSON

3221 North 29th Street
Tacoma, Washington

*"The smiles that win, the tints that
glow."*



JOAN CAMPBELL

1245 Pacific Terrace
Klamath Falls, Oregon

*"She doth nothing but talk of her
horse."*





BONNIE JEAN CHITTY

101 East Road
Tacoma, Washington

*"Calm counsel and constructive
leadership."*



ANITA DERBY

502 North Tacoma Avenue
Tacoma, Washington

*"The busy bee has no time for
sorrow."*

MARIE ECKSTROM

624 North Stadium Way
Tacoma, Washington

*"Above our life we love a steadfast
friend."*



HARRIETTE GIESY

2371 S. W. Montgomery Drive
Portland, Oregon

"A good heart's worth gold."





CATHERINE GILBERT

416 9th Street
Mount Vernon, Washington

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."



BETTY HOPKINS

East 831 Rockwood Boulevard
Spokane, Washington

*"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair."*

FRANCES McGINNIS

512 North "L" Street
Tacoma, Washington

*"Her modest lips were sweet with
song."*



MARY JEANNE NORRIS

Capitol Apartments
Olympia, Washington

*"If I reprehend anything in this world,
it is the use of my oracular tongue
and a nice derangement of epitaphs."*





LINETTE PARSONS

Anchorage, Alaska

*"God bless the man who first invented
sleep."*



DOROTHY RICHARDS

511 North "D" Street
Tacoma, Washington

*"Without Art life would be a
mistake."*

WINIFRED SAXTON

618 North 6th Street
Tacoma, Washington

*"Too innocent for coquetry, too fond
for idle scorning."*



HAZEL SCHAEFFER

405 North 7th Street
Tacoma, Washington

*"After all, there is no such literature
as the Dictionary."*





JANE SNIDER

123 West 6th Street
Aberdeen, Washington

*"Nothing is impossible to a willing
heart."*



HELEN WHITE

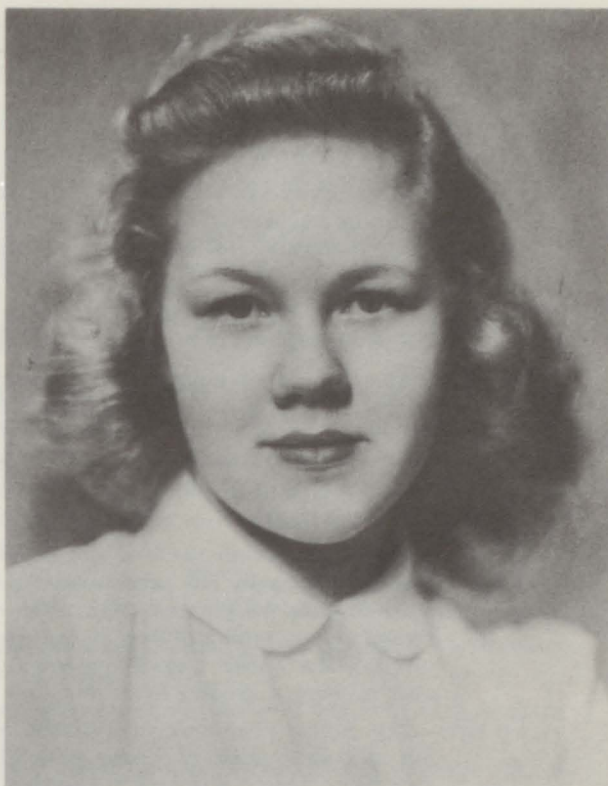
Avalon Apartments
Tacoma, Washington

*"I am quietly holding fast to the things
that cannot fail."*

MARYBETH WHITEHOUSE

East 1121 Overbluff
Spokane, Washington

*"Nothing is little to her that feels it
with great sensibility."*



GEORGIANA WIEBENSON

116 East 6th Street
Aberdeen, Washington

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."



CHRONICLE OF THE CLASS OF ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO

- A. D. 1930—The Class of 1942 was born when Jane Bronson, Winifred Saxton, and Frances McGinnis were enrolled in the First Class at the Seminary.
- A. D. 1937—After seven years of coming and going the class finally settled down and was augmented by the addition to its ranks of Bonnie Jean Chitty, Hazel Schaeffer, Marie Eckstrom, Georgiana Wiebenson, Jane Snider, and Dorothy Richards.
- A. D. 1938—Showing its originality, the class presented a Chinese play *Lady Precious Stream*, and organized the Eighth Class football team.
- A. D. 1939—The class, known by our red ties and proud of becoming a part of the Upper School, was led through its freshman year by Jane Bronson as president. Anita Derby, back from a year abroad, joined us as an efficient secretary-treasurer and held this position for three years, breaking all third-term traditions. The Freshman-Sophomore Hop was our first grown-up dance.
- A. D. 1940—Winifred Saxton wielded the gavel over the wise Sophomores during this year. Again, the most important event was the Freshman-Sophomore Hop in which we further demonstrated our originality by giving a formal dance with nautical decorations, including a gangplank, and by inviting the entire Upper School. Elizabeth Leisk joined us this year and became a greatly loved member of the class.
- A. D. 1941—The junior year was an outstanding one for the Class of 1942. We felt the distinction of being upperclassmen and we greeted five new members: Joan Campbell, Catherine Gilbert, Fifi Hill, Harriette Giesy, and Mary Jeanne Norris. The school was properly startled and pleasantly surprised when the "Jolly Juniors" appeared in fireman-red class sweaters, breaking another tradition! Georgiana Wiebenson, an efficient president, led the class in its other successful undertakings: namely, the gift booth for the Senior Carnival, the "Jingle Bell" dance, the Junior Prom, and the never-to-be-forgotten take-off on the senior play, *As You Like It*. A perfect closing event of a perfect year occurred when Bonnie Jean Chitty was chosen *Key Girl* at the Athletic Banquet. The class was so proud of her! 1941's May Day was held in the gymnasium because of the inclemency of the weather and Jane Bronson was our Maid-of-Honor to Betty Ann Love, the Queen.
- A. D. 1942—Our last and most glorious year—the senior year! We greeted Marybeth Whitehouse and Betty Hopkins from Spokane, Linette Parsons from Alaska, and Helen White from St. Louis, Missouri. Finding the *spade* among the pipes in the swimming pool room was our first exciting achievement of the year. The discovery of the senior rings in the center of a huge cobweb of white string made the class realize that, at last, they were truly seniors. We elected Jane Bronson, president, Winifred Saxton, vice-president, and Marie Eckstrom, secretary-treasurer. The Class of 1942 presented a most successful Senior Carnival under the chairmanship of Anita Derby. Thirteen of us, with Miss Fitch, Mrs. Johnsen, and Miss Greason, went skiing at a beautiful houseparty at Paradise in February. We went to the Junior Prom together and had the most beautiful May Day in the history of the Seminary. Now we are ready to graduate—to have our crosses and our diplomas! It doesn't seem possible that the Seminary will ever be able to get along without us. Many of us have been in the school since "we were very young" (*with apologies to A. A. Milne*) and we have grown up inside its ivy-clad walls. If the entire truth were *really* known, we don't know how we will ever get along without the Seminary!

FRANCES MCGINNIS AND JANE BRONSON, *Class XII.*

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF A THOUSAND NYNE HUNDRED FORTY AND TWO

The tenth of June, the yeare of Our Lord a thousand nyne hundred forty and two: We, the Senior Class of the Annie Wright Seminary, being hole in mynde and of good memory, do make and ordeign our Last Will and Testament in manner and fourme following:

First: We bequethe to the Class of a Thousande Nyne Hundred Forty and Three the motto, "Hope to the end," and our weaknesses—for ever!

Item: We leave to the Facultie and Student Bodie the refreshing Tacoma rains, the delightful tide-flats, and the divers peculiar odours issuing on occasion from the laboratory of the chemists.

Item: Jane Bronson, our guyde and leedere this past yeare, wills her musical efforts in Harmony XII to Eleanor Pitchford.

Item: Joan Campbell leaves her mania for solid swinge to Maryann Dykman, along with an illustrated mannual on jitterbugginge.

Item: Bonnie Jean Chitty, findinge a moment of rest and leisure, makes a bequest of her worries to Janet Saxton.

Item: Anita Derby bequethes her fondness for the strenuous game of basketball together with a passion for divers and sundry sportes to Honey Holland.

Item: Marie Eckstrom with great generosity, wills a diete which is guaranteed to put on the poundage, to Margot Martin.

Item: Harriette Giesy leaves her prowess at sportes and her love of hockey to Caroline Henton.

Item: Catherine Gilbert, with deep regret, bequethes her ability to staye on her diete to Bebe Purkey, and gives that frequently disappearing picture to Marion Ingram.

Item: Betty Hopkins wills her glamorous inch-longe eyelashes to Barbara Sanders.

Item: Frances McGinnis gladly leaves her dentiste appointments to Avonne Nelson.

Item: Mary Jeanne Norris wills her peanut butter jar to Bette Ree Martin and Diana Cookingham for safe keepinge, and to Caroline Henton she leaves, we hope, her *malapropisms*.

Item: Linette Parsons bequethes her well-known ability to be first in line at the Junior Sales to Judy Welsh, who, unfortunately, has been able to capture only second place.

Item: Dorothy Richards leaves her briske, invigorating early morning walke to Ann Stickney.

Item: Winifred Saxton wills her inability to keep a secrete to the entire Freshman Class.

Item: Hazel Schaeffer, being in a generous moode, bequethes to Marion Ingram the Blind Date Committee.

Item: Jane Snider leaves her cookies each recesse to Diana Cookingham; and to Lois Anderson she leaves her frequente trippes to the doctor.

Item: Marybeth Whitehouse wills her love of succulente, golden-browne pork chops to Lois Anderson.

Item: Georgiana Wiebenson bequethes her All American swimming forme to Honey Holland; and to Shirley Temple she leaves her juvenile roles.

Item: Helen White leaves her Mathe XII class to Ann Sprowl.

All this now being accomplished, in spirite gude and true, we commende ourselves to all colleyge admissiões committees, to our fonde parentes, and to all who may employe us in the future.

JANE SNIDER, Class XII.

THROUGH THE RUBBER BALL



ONCE upon a time there was a court ruled over by Fair Queen Hazel with her sixteen royal maidens and with a clown, who was known to the court as Joan the Jester. One day the Queen, in want of entertainment, commanded Jester Joan to perform.

"Jester Joan," she said, "you're well known as a fortune teller. Tell us what lies ahead for us all, lies though they may be. Gaze into your rubber ball. That ball, more precious than rarest crystal, should foretell the future clearly."

"Of course, your Highness," answered Jester Joan, "I'll not say that everything will come true, but after three magical bounces of my ball I should be able to tell you all. But I'm having a little difficulty," she added, "my ball hasn't the same bouncing properties it used to have before Pearl Harbor, consequently the pictures don't seem quite clear . . . maybe my ball needs a retreat!"

"There isn't time for you to take that ball to the Royal Tire Rationing Board, Jester Joan," answered the Queen, "you really must get along with what you've got and not bounce it over forty times an hour. You've been bouncing that ball too fast and that's sabotage!" she added, grimly.

"Yes, your Highness," said Joan the Jester. "I'll be careful and bounce the ball very gently and see what happens." So Jester Joan did as she was told and this is what she saw in nineteen-fifty: Betty Hopkins as the Brenda Frazier of Spokane; Mary Jeanne Norris as the home economics instructor at West Point; Catherine Gilbert as the winner of the pie-eating contest at the county fair; and Linette Parsons trying to improve the Einstein theory through *serious* study. Frances McGinnis was keeping up the morale of Fort Lewis lieutenants; Winifred Saxton was promoting a "Please Explain All Jokes Week"; and Anita Derby was replacing Fanny Brice on the Baby Snooks Program.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Joan, giving the ball another *very* gentle bounce, "here is Marie Eckstrom as the belle of Billy Rose's Aquacade of nineteen-fifty, and Harriette Giesy as football coach at Miss Spinster's Academy. Jane Snider appears to be excavating the mine which Clementine's father couldn't find; Bonnie Jean Chitty is writing mystery stories for kindergarten children; Georgiana Wiebenson is challenging Carmen Miranda to a rhumba contest; Helen White is teaching army tactics at Annapolis; and Dorothy Richards is editing a home-making column in *Esquire*."

Jester Joan stopped, looked puzzled, but after fondly caressing her rubber ball, she went on. "Oh, but what's this? Hmmm . . . Here I see Jane Bronson as the first person ever to ski down from Alta Vista while playing a harp, and Marybeth Whitehouse as a demonstrator for Golden Glamour Shampoo. And what have we *here*? What, but our fair Queen Hazel working on the Blind Date Committee of the national U. S. O. You're all busy little bees, aren't you?" Joan concluded with a twinkling smile.

"But we can't leave you out, Jester Joan," the Queen replied. She turned to her court and looking them over she saw, to her dismay, that one of her maidens was actually chewing gum! "Linette," she cried, "put that gum in the royal waste paper basket, and help us look into Jester Joan's future."

Linette turned toward the Queen, did as she was told, and then her eyes gleamed with anticipation. "Just give me that ball!" she said. "Now, when I was up in the Yukon they used to call me Old See-all Lannie. There you are. Plain as can be . . . There's Jester Joan Campbell as chief bronco-buster at the Pendleton Roundup."

For many long years war waged in the world. Jester Joan had nothing to jest about, for there were no more rubber balls to foretell the future, which was opaque enough at the best! Although laughter almost died in the world, around the corners of the Queen's mouth there lurked a tiny smile. Her maidens, engrossed in First Aid, looked at each other over traction splints and bandages with knowing eyes, for they knew that the prophecy of the rubber ball would come true and that the Court of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Two would live long and happily ever after.

JANE BRONSON AND BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, *Class XII.*

THE PERFECT SENIOR

Would have:

The hair of Marybeth Whitehouse
The complexion of Mary Jeanne Norris
The eyes of Betty Hopkins
The teeth of Jane Snider
The smile of Jane Bronson
The hands of Hazel Schaeffer
The legs of Joan Campbell
The dancing ability of Frances McGinnis
The vitality of Catherine Gilbert
The athletic ability of Anita Derby
The common sense of Bonnie Jean Chitty

Should be:

As witty as Linette Parsons
As even-tempered as Dorothy Richards
As dependable as Marie Eckstrom
As sincere as Winifred Saxton
As amiable as Georgiana Wiebenson
As friendly as Helen White
As generous as Harriette Giesy

* * *

Hail! Class of '42!
Fight on to victory.
Our flying colors true
Will go down in history.
So cheer for dear '42,
Loyal we'll ever be,
We will conquer every foe
With praise to thee.

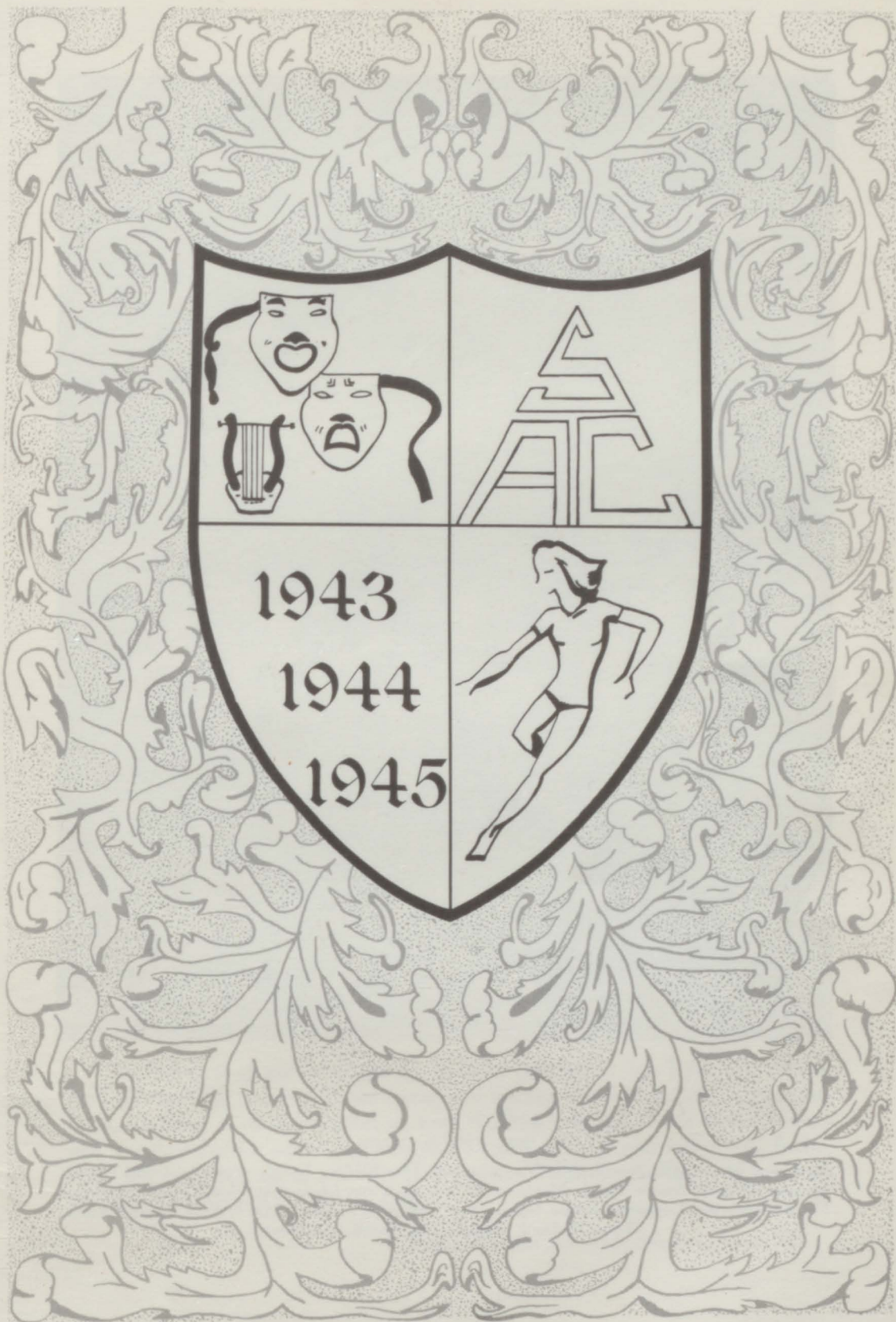
S E N I O R

NAME	NICKNAME	PET SAYING
Jane Bronson	Janie	"I'll be jigged!"
Bonnie Jean Chitty	B. J.	"Eh, gad!"
Joan Campbell	Johnnie	"Well, for John Niles!"
Anita Derby	Neats	"Great Caesar's ghost!"
Marie Eckstrom	Eckie	" <i>Please</i> , pay your dues!"
Harriette Giesy	Hattie	"Aw, gee whiz!"
Catherine Gilbert	Sis	"Oh, really?"
Betty Hopkins	Hoppy	"Oh, honestly!"
Frances McGinnis	Frannie	"Oh, Don!"
Mary Jeanne Norris	M. J.	"Oh, nuts!"
Linette Parsons	Lannie	"Oh, blast it!"
Dorothy Richards	Dorry	"Oh, Godfrey!"
Winifred Saxton	Ducky	"For crying out loud!"
Hazel Schaeffer	Estey	"That's neat!"
Jane Snider	Snish	"Yipes!"
Helen White	Leurf	"I'm not happy!"
Marybeth Whitehouse	Ma-Be	"Honest to John!"
Georgiana Wiebenson	Georgie	"Piffle!"

S I D E L I G H T S

AMBITION	AVERSION	WEAKNESS
For all God's chilluns to have harps!	Asparagus	Miniature horses
To be "on" the <i>New York Times</i>	Snakes	Avocados
To eat more than Katie Gilbert	Rising bell!	Tan convertibles
To fly her own plane	Cold weather	Uniforms
To be a spy in Germany	Collecting dues	Bubblebaths
To stay out of trouble	Sneezing powder	The beach
Never to have a fight with her husband	Hair ribbons	Food
To be a fashion designer	People who borrow things	Steaks and french fries
The ARMY	History tests	Chocolate cake
To eat and grow thin	Short men	Fried oysters
To be able to wear Snish's ski pants before M. J. can	Itching powder	Breaded veal cutlets
To build a dream house	Late dates	Clothes
To be a ditch-digger	Tardiness	Playing the piano
To be on time	"Gee, kid!"	Records
Arizona	Obesity	Hamburgers
St. Louis	Skiing lessons	Eating
To ski down a hill without falling flat	Messiness	Steaks
To get enough sleep	7:15 a. m.	Sleep

AUTOGRAPHS





THE JUNIOR CLASS

Front row, left to right: Ann Sprowl (Vice-president) Elka Robbins, Dorothy Purcell, Caroline Henton, Maryann Dykman, Avonne Nelson, Marguerite Johnson. Back row, left to right: Margot Martin, Catherine Metzger (Secretary-Treasurer), Marion Ingram, Jean Lenham (President), Jane Holland, Suzanne Miley, Eleanor Pitchford. Advisers: Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Shearer.

THE JUNIOR CLASS



FROM September eighth to June tenth, we Juniors have had the only junior year, and therefore the best one, we'll ever have. Our fun began with the beginning of school when we welcomed Margot Martin and Caroline Henton from Spokane, Barbara Hart, Honey Holland, and Maryann Dykman from Portland, Betty Ribelin from Chehalis, Eleanor Pitchford from Aberdeen, Dorothy Purcell from Oakland, California, and Suzanne Miley from Everett.

On Hallowe'en our skit, *The Ballad of Mary Jane*, with Bunny and Gussie as our stars and the entire class as the supporting cast, won the cup for the best performance of the evening. The audience, exhausted by the senior skit, rallied sufficiently to become re-exhausted by the laughter which "Mary Jane, Inc." provoked. Our Food Booth at the Christmas Carnival was tops, and if pressed, we might admit that the Junior Christmas Dance was the best dance we've ever gone to.

One afternoon in the middle of January, the Class of 1943 burst upon a startled Study Hall like a premature Spring, and every Thursday since then no one could possibly miss us in our bright "kelly green" sweaters with the white emblems. Our favorite saying each week has been, "Don't forget the Junior Sale on Friday afternoons; ice cream and glazed doughnuts!" Not a girl forgot unless she was at the diet table—and even then . . . ?

It is always an honor for a Junior to be appointed Crucifer and Flag Bearer at mid-years. Honey Holland became Crucifer with Honey Johnson as her alternate, and Bunny Lenham was appointed Flag Bearer. The evening crucifers were Betty Ribelin and Ann Sprowl.

Fun, food, and the floor—the floor, food, and fun! Just three little words are all that are necessary to tell you what you need to know about the Junior House-party at the Metzger's in April. Our hostesses were Catherine, Honey Johnson, and Avonne.

The highlight of our year was the Junior Prom which was held in the Great Hall on April the twenty-fifth with every girl looking her best and with her favorite beau. Nothing is more beautiful or more thrilling than our dance to the Seniors and, incidentally, for ourselves. This year's Prom closed a year full of fun, friendship, and happiness for us all. Our best wishes go with the class of 1942 in whose footsteps our own will fall so very soon.

ELKA ROBBINS AND ANN SPROWL, *Class XI.*



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Front row, left to right: Jane Duncan, Ann Stickney, Rosemary Welsh, Lois Anderson, Irene Purkey (President), Elaine Rydell. *Back row, left to right:* Darcia Dayton, Patricia Feddersen, Elgene Polson, Imogene Billings, Cynthia Gonyea (Vice-president), Margaret Jean Langabeer, Betty Lou Brittenham. *Absent:* Constance Brewer (Secretary-Treasurer). *Advisers:* Mrs. Hiatt, Miss Margetis.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Front row, left to right: Nancy Griggs, Norma Demick, Janice Ludwig (Secretary-Treasurer), Barbara Osborn, Barbara Sanders (Vice-president), Betsy Kelley, Olive Bell. *Back row, left to right:* Bette Ree Martin, Wendy Wagner, Camilla Thomas, Janet Saxton (President), Diana Cookingham, Ruth Madsen. *Advisers:* Miss Crane, Miss McTavish.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated, left to right: Mary Jeanne Norris (Social Service), Irene Purkey (Class of 1944), Jane Bronson (Class of 1942). Standing, left to right: Virginia Dravis (Middle School), Jean Lenham (Class of 1945), Anita Derby (Athletic Association), Elka Robbins (Secretary), Bonnie Jean Chitty (President), Georgiana Wiebenson (Masque), Janet Saxton (Class of 1945), Jane Snider (Vice-president and Chairman of Honor Board). Advisers: Miss Fitch and Mrs. Powell.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

MORE this year than ever before is understood the importance of co-operation and absolute obedience in ordinary times as well as in times of stress. With war to the west of them and war to the east of them, young Americans should realize the responsibilities and duties which they must assume in order that the freedoms of Democracy may triumph, ultimately, over the slavery of Dictatorship. A well-organized school realizes this fact and begins to train its students to govern themselves, not only to achieve group action but also to gain in that greatest of all government—personal self-control.

For the past several years the Seminary has had such a form of government. A Student Council composed of representatives freely elected, annually, by the student body and faculty has worked in close cooperation with Miss Fitch and Mrs. Powell. Through meetings held each month the Council is able to express the constructive suggestions of the student body in order that the students as well as the faculty may strive to interpret its ideals to those who come here to live and learn. This form of government provides for an efficient honor system in which each girl is responsible for her own actions which, in turn, should be for the best interests of her companions and her school. Only in extreme cases do the junior and senior members of the Student Council act as a court, the Honor Board.

In this year of nineteen hundred and forty-two, all school and college students should be especially thankful for the opportunities and privileges which the freedom-loving American way of life offers to each of them. Thus, we dedicate ourselves to the perpetuation of those things which we hold to be sacred, dear, and worth preserving and for which we will give our lives, if necessary, in order that our children may live freely and without fear.

BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, *Class XII.*



SEMINARY ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Seated, left to right: Irene Purkey, Ann Sprowl, Marguerite Johnson. Standing, left to right: Anita Derby, Catherine Gilbert, Mary Jeanne Norris, Marion Ingram, Hazel Schaeffer, Jean Lenham, Harriette Giesy, Jane Holland, Cynthia Gonyea, Bonnie Jean Chitty. Adviser: Mrs. Johnsen.

THE SEMINARY ATHLETIC COUNCIL



HE purpose of the Seminary Athletic Council is to advance the spirit of fair play in the school. S. A. C., whose members are carefully chosen from among the student body, is an active part of the Athletic Association.

S. A. C. members are in charge of the younger children during the noon hour and in the afternoon, and in the rare absences of Mrs. Johnsen, they supervise the afternoon sports of the Upper School.

The president of S. A. C. attends the Student Council meetings at which she presents questions previously discussed in S. A. C. meetings. Problems pertaining to athletic activities in the school are put before her by the Council, and she, in turn, brings them before the Athletic Council.

The blue and gold "beanies" and the triangular gold pins worn by members of the S. A. C. are symbols of ability, responsibility, and honesty. Although the Seminary Athletic Council has been active only two years, it is playing an increasingly important part in the life of the school. The members realize their responsibility to the school and to the student body, and they carry out their duties with this thought in mind.

ANITA DERBY, *Class XII.*



THE GOLD TEAM

First row, left to right: Darcia Dayton, Barbara Hart, Janet Saxton, Rosemary Welsh, Catherine Gilbert (Captain), Jane Snider, Mary Jeanne Norris, Betty Hopkins, Betty Jean Ribelin. *Second row, left to right:* Jane Duncan, Georgiana Wiebenson, Ann Sprowl, Constance Brewer. *Third row, left to right:* Bonnie Jean Chitty, Anita Derby, Nancy Griggs, Ruth Madsen, Elgene Polson, Barbara Osborn, Diana Cookingham. *Fourth row, left to right:* Imogene Billings, Joan Campbell, Marion Ingram, Eleanor Pitchford, Suzanne Miley, Jane Holland, Catherine Metzger. *Adviser:* Mrs. Johnsen.



THE BLUE TEAM

First row, left to right: Elaine Rydell, Linette Parsons, Barbara Sanders, Betty Lou Brittenham, Lois Anderson, Irene Purkey, Hazel Schaeffer (Captain), Norma Demick, Janice Ludwig, Olive Bell. *Second row, left to right:* Patricia Feddersen, Caroline Henton, Dorothy Purcell, Jane Bronson, Wendy Wagner, Harriette Giesy, Marguerite Johnson, Jean Lenham, Maryann Dykman, Camilla Thomas, Bette Ree Martin. *Third row, left to right:* Elka Robbins, Winifred Saxton, Marie Eckstrom. *Fourth row, left to right:* Margaret Jean Langabeer, Marybeth Whitehouse, Margot Martin, Cynthia Gonyea. *Adviser:* Mrs. Johnsen.



THE CHOIR

Senior Crucifer: Winifred Saxton. *Senior Flag Bearer:* Jane Bronson. *Front row, left to right:* Nancy Griggs, Catherine Gilbert, Marybeth Whitehouse, Ann Sprowl, Harriette Giesy, Irene Purkey. *Back row, left to right:* Mary Jeanne Norris, Imogene Billings, Anita Derby, Frances McGinnis, Catherine Metzger, Eleanor Pitchford, Cynthia Gonyea, Margot Martin. *Adviser:* Miss Jacobsen.



THE DANCE CLUB

Front row, left to right: Nancy Griggs, Rosemary Welsh, Margaret Jean Langabeer, Patricia Feddersen, Olive Bell. Back row, left to right: Jane Holland, Margot Martin, Georgiana Wiebenson, Elka Robbins, Eleanor Pitchford. Adviser: Mrs. Day.



THE GLEE CLUB

Front row, left to right: Cynthia Gonyea, Maryann Dykman, Patricia Feddersen, Janet Saxton, Elaine Rydell, Catherine Gilbert, Irene Purkey, Darcia Dayton, Jane Bronson, Ann Sprowl, Margot Martin, Elka Robbins. Back row, left to right: Hazel Schaeffer, Mary Jeanne Norris (Accompanist), Constance Brewer, Anita Derby, Imogene Billings, Marie Eckstrom, Winifred Saxton, Catherine Metzger, Eleanor Pitchford. Conductor: Miss Jacobsen.



THE MASQUE PLAYERS

Front row, left to right: Irene Purkey, Anita Derby, Mary Jeanne Norris, Frances McGinnis, Georgiana Wiebenson (President), Caroline Henton, Avonne Nelson, Margaret Jean Langabeer. Back row, left to right: Elka Robbins, Jane Snider, Margot Martin. Adviser: Mrs. Sandall.

THE MASQUE PLAYERS



HE MASQUE PLAYERS have tried to make this year a particularly successful one in the history of the organization. At the beginning of the year, to acquaint the new girls with our club and its work, we gave Thornton Wilder's one-act play, *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden*. Later on in the year we "took on" Margot Martin, Caroline Henton, and Avonne Nelson; and still later, Irene Purkey.

Our part in the Christmas program this year was a play based upon the Russian legend of Babouscha, the old woman who travels from land to land each Christmastide seeking the Christ Child. The cast included Anita Derby, Margaret Jean Langabeer, Mary Jeanne Norris, Elka Robbins, Jane Snider, and Georgiana Wiebenson.

In March we presented our annual program of one-act plays in the Great Hall. Caroline Henton, Margot Martin, and Avonne Nelson gave *The Letters* by Collin Clement, and *Miss Sydney Carton* by Florence Ryerson was given by Anita Derby, Margaret Jean Langabeer, Frances McGinnis, Mary Jeanne Norris, Elka Robbins, and Georgiana Wiebenson. Later we listened to Lynn Fontanne's recording of *The White Cliffs of Dover*, which was given to us by Doris Carrington, '41, a former member of the Masque Players.

Our annual Masque Banquet in May marked the close of another memorable year, made doubly so by the generous help and constant guidance of our director, Mrs. Sandall, and the lively interest and cooperation of every Masque Player.

GEORGIANA WIEBENSON, *Class XII*.

IN THE FIELD OF SPORTS



HIS has been a very active year for the two teams under the leadership of Hazel Schaeffer, captain of the Blue Team, and Catherine Gilbert, captain of the Golds.

Hockey turn-outs in October opened the season and there was keen rivalry between the two teams. After several hard-fought games the Golds emerged victorious. November was a month full of sports and during December many of the girls enjoyed skating parties at the Lakewood Ice Arena.

After Christmas Vacation, basketball was the game of the hour, and we spent long afternoons in the gym practicing for our teams. The Gold Team had to put up a brisk fight to win over the Blues, who, to say the least, were more than skilled in the art of "basketry."

As usual, Mt. Rainier was the scene of many hilarious good times during the several ski trips this year. The three-day joint occupation of Paradise by the Seminary, Bush, and stu-r-d-y Lakeside proved to be the hit of the year. On February twenty-eighth, thirteen diet-renouncing Seniors, accompanied by Miss Fitch, Miss Greason, and Mrs. Johnsen, went up the Mountain for a "gorgeous" over-night stay at the Inn.

This year marked the initiation of a new day in our school calendar — Catlin Play Day. The basketball game in the morning was a thriller and ended in a hard-won victory for the girls from Portland who accepted the Seminary's challenge to a five-minute overtime to settle the tie at the end of the game, and in doing so, won that extra basket which gave them the top score. The Seminary girls drowned their sorrows in doughnuts and helped the Catlin girls celebrate by an outdoor luncheon at the Grill, served by S. A. C.

At the annual Play Day with the Bush School we broke an all-time record and won the basketball game, after which all of us, Bush and Seminary alike, delved into stacks of hamburgers at the Grill. The Bush girls enjoyed the splash party after luncheon after which they piled into their double-decked bus (somewhat faintly reminiscent of our trips up the Mountain!) and left for Seattle.

Throughout the year everyone was kept busy playing her matches for the tournaments in badminton, ping-pong, bowling, tennis, and archery, and trying to win those all-important points for her team. Swimming periods were given over to training the girls for the Swimming Meet which was held on the thirtieth of April and during which contests were held in swimming and diving.

Of course, the climax of the year came with the Athletic Banquet on the evening of May Day. True to tradition, awards were made, and ribbons were given. At the end of this evening we all looked back on the year 1941-42 and with one accord agreed that it had been the best of them all "in the field of sports."

CATHERINE GILBERT, *Class XII.*



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

Front row, left to right: Nancy Hull, Roberta White, Mary Lee Odlin, Marilyn Meyer, Lael Ellis, Joan Wingate, Ann Joyce Bachrach, Billie Johnson, Jane Creswell. Second row, left to right: Eleanor Mills, Dagmar Quevli, Marjorie Ludwig, Marlene Tenzler, Janet Langabeer, Nancy Lou Hart, Sally Gilpin. Third row, left to right: Emily McFadon, Judy Minton, Marsha York, Amelie Hains, Clare Duerfeldt, Dorothy Ann Wall, Virginia Lou Peterson.

A. B. C. CLUB



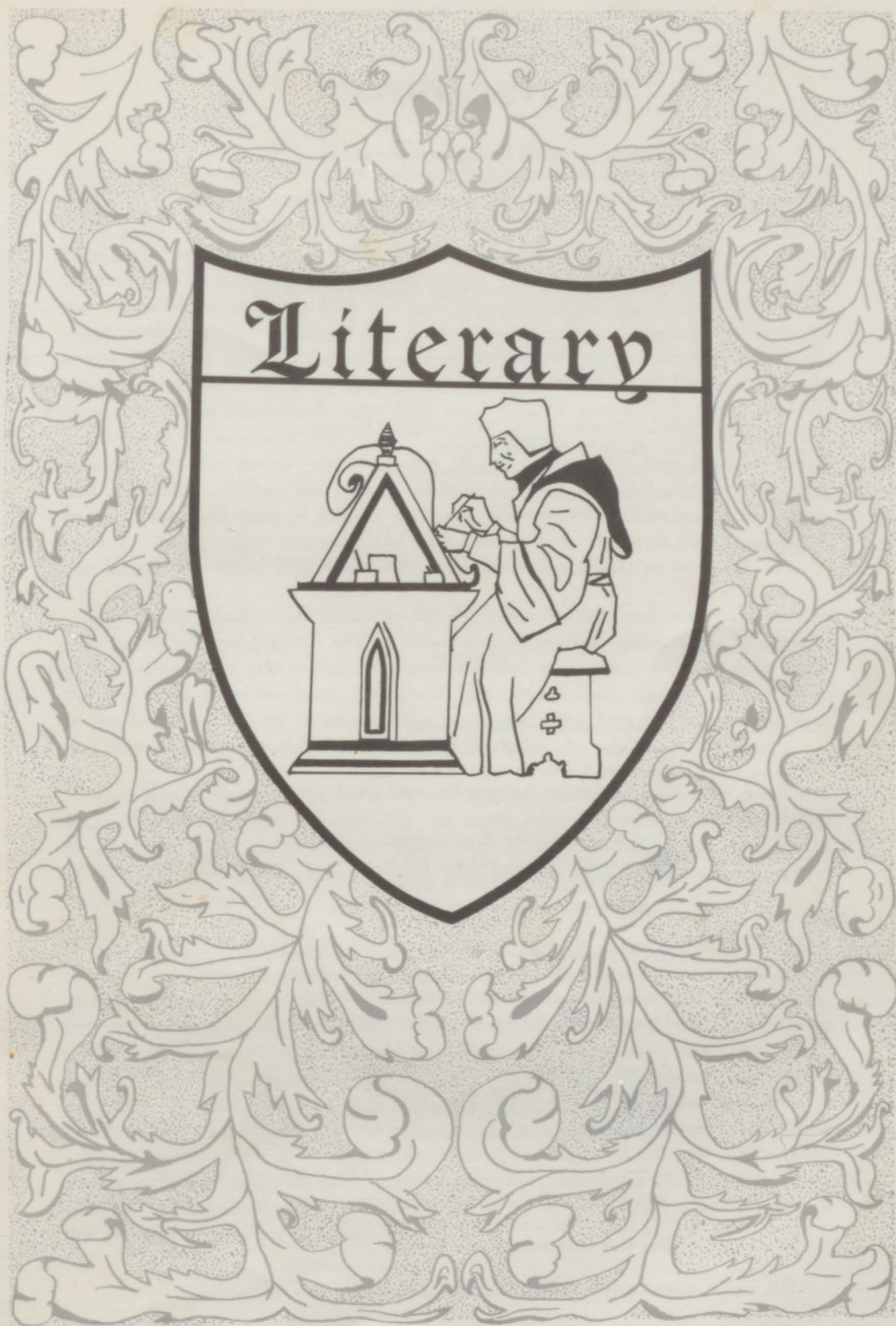
LMOST every Friday morning, the girls of Classes I, II, III, and IV meet for the A. B. C. Club. The meetings are conducted by a president, and the secretary keeps the minutes of the meeting.

Our pledge is: "As a member of the A. B. C. Club, I will Always Be Careful."

We discuss playground problems and decide on ways to make our Lower School a better and happier place. We have had plays, a talk on bones by Miss Greason, a talk on teeth by Miss Weiler, book reports on our favorite books, a riddle and joke day, and have read original stories and poems.

We like our A. B. C. Club meetings.

MARY CAROL THOMPSON, *Class IV.*



LET US PRAY FOR PEACE

While war is raging throughout the world,
In the air, on the sea, on the land,
And we see great buildings, temples, cities,
Destroyed by dreaded bombs—
Let us pray for peace!

While we read of valiant men fighting and dying
In resisting the attacks of the foe,
Who, in their ephemeral victory,
Spread unmerciful suffering—
Let us work for peace!

While we ask of God with reverent hearts
That democracy shall endure,
And that powers, ignoble and unjust,
Be subdued, as dragons of old—
Let us fight for peace!

JANE BRONSON, *Class XII.*

ELEGY

I ponder sadly where he went.
I wonder why they took him then,
For here his days were not yet spent,
Not yet his four score years and ten.

How carelessly the days slipped on,
A life not brilliant, not too plain;
Now all is past, and he is gone,
Only dimming memories now remain.

Yet the world moves on. It seems so strange:
The cold still chills, the flowers still breathe,
The morning breaks, the tides still change,
The sun still warms, the oceans seethe.

A few sad glances, a few kind flowers,
Dull, muffled voices, gentle eyes,
Calm, futile words in dismal hours,
Sad tearful faces, pensive sighs.

Warm hands, warm voice, but cold inside,
Soft eyes, soft words, but heavy breath;
My heart has ached, my heart has cried,
For this is sorrow, this is death!

BONNIE JEAN CHITTY, *Class XII.*

OUR VALLEY



OUR house in Sumner was perched among the trees on Sumner Height where we could look down upon the surrounding valley. We proudly claimed that we had the best view in the country, and showed our valley to all our friends. From our house we could see the twin towns, Sumner and its larger rival, Puyallup, whose name the valley bears. In the morning we could watch these little communities awake from the drowsy sleep of the night, and begin to go about the day's business. They were industrious little towns, but their industry seemed rather slow and easy-going, not at all the high-speed, almost inhuman mass production of the crowded cities. Even the smoke came out of the smokestacks in a lazy good-natured way and hovered over the plants as if to keep a kindly, watchful eye on them. Every afternoon the business men of the towns would gather at the corner drug-store to share coffee and sociability. When the factory whistles blew at five o'clock, the men went home to the neat rows of houses, and soon little spots of light began to appear, until the whole valley was sprinkled with shining dots. Then as night progressed, one by one the lights would blink off, and the valley would go to sleep.

There are many small farms in the Puyallup Valley, and we could see the rectangular plots of ground, and the neat, straight rows of crops. Over in one end of the valley was a nest of rhubarb sheds in which was grown, we soon discovered, the best rhubarb in the land. We could also see the long, straight rows of vines in the berry fields, and in summer the large, protective hats of the berry pickers, and their musty huts huddled at the edge of the fields.

Puyallup Valley is noted for its flourishing bulb industry and boasts many vast fields of beautiful tulips and daffodils. As spring advanced we were always thrilled to watch the rectangular fields of soft leaf-green turn gradually into solid blocks of shimmering gold. The color was so vivid, that we, like Wordsworth, can never forget the splendor of it.

Through these towns filled with neat rows of little houses and small shops, through the farms so small and yet so sturdy and independent, ran two rivers, ambling, winding rivers, which exemplified the unhurried good will of the valley. On early clear mornings we could behold it veiled in pink and yellow and fleecy white, and in the evening swathed in dull orange and scarlet, and later in soft purple. Sometimes the Mountain was so beautiful that the townspeople would telephone their friends to be sure that they did not miss the sight. It seemed to be, in a way, the guardian of the valley, and the people could sense a difference when it was covered by an inconsiderate cloud. It seemed a kindly and exalted soul who looked after the valley and safeguarded its peaceful and beautiful tranquillity. Although we no longer live in the valley, it will always remain "our valley" by right of previous possession.

GEORGIANA WIEBENSON, *Class XII.*

PLOWSHARES AND SWORDS



THE sun, reaching its warming fingers to dry the mist from the grass, rises happily to light a peaceful world. The ripening fields move gently, the lake's blue waters smile, the lily lifts its head, and the birds awake and fly to greet the peaceful sun. The sea beats softly on the clean sands of the shore, the wild fields are full of many colored flowers, the new, green trees lift their shapely arms to touch the sky, and a few soft clouds walk with one another across the heavens. The birds sing in the sighing wind of a peaceful land.

The sun, shooting its bloody fingers heavenward to stain the blue velvet cloak of night, rises to gaze on the war-torn world. The scorched earth lies dead and unmoved, the lake of mud and blood laughs crazily, the filth begins to reek, the vulture circles its prey to greet the sun of war. The sea crashes unmercifully against the battered rock-cliffs, the wild fields smile crookedly with wire scarred faces, the distorted dead trees, lift their skeleton arms above the scene, and a few dull clouds lie upon the face of the sky. The vultures cry in the heavy air of a war-trampled earth.

ANITA DERBY, *Class XII.*

TAIL SPIN

Nerves straining taut, and hands heavily pulling
At the coughing controls, reluctant, refusing.
The fumes gather grinningly, fusing a face
Of droning death as the plane spins swiftly,
Diving dizzily through the sun-spotted sky.
The black of the blue springs from the empty ether,
Pressing persistently against aching eyes.
A spinning top, the silver ship
Heedlessly hurls toward the earth's green globe—
Endless eternity shrieking and screaming
Through the voice of the whipping wind!

CZERNA FAUBION, *Class X.*

RUTH AND I

"Whither thou goest, I will go."
The age old words were spoken by Ruth,
A girl, who knew, as I, the truth
Of love and all its loyalty.

CZERNA FAUBION, *Class X.*

ASCEND — SWIFT BIRD

My soul
Is stirred when I behold
In azure skies
A bird,
Winging high o'er valley, town, and hill;
Up, up,
On high with short swift strokes
Into the blue
And then
A long smooth sweeping glide toward cool green earth.

With joy
Thou wingest high again
Toward thy Creator.
My thoughts,
Soaring high with thy swift upward flight,
Now search
For knowledge of that great
Stupendous plan
Which Man,
Close bound to Earth, can never comprehend.

The skies,
The endless space, all show
The infinite power
Of God.
Stretching far beyond Man's power of thought,
The void
Of limitless nothingness
Within its scope
Enfolds
All life and death, and more—Eternity.

The Earth
Reflects the wondrous plan—
The budding trees,
The grass,
Blowing fresh and green on rolling hills,
Are God's.
But Man's ignoble thoughts
Are closely bound
To Earth
And cannot rise from her restraining joys.

Swift bird,
Now scale the illimitable heights
Until thou reach
That Truth
Which Man for centuries has sought in vain.
Return;
Impart that wondrous plan
To striving Man
Before
Thou once again soar upward from our sight.

JANE SNIDER, *Class XII.*

AUTUMN PUZZLE



YOUNG King Autumn sat at breakfast eating hazelnut cereal and drinking hot chestnut coffee. He was terribly worried. The old King Autumn was on a vacation, for he was tired of hazelnuts dropping on his head. Every year the Autumn King would get autumn jobs through as quickly as possible so that he would have time to put a little frost on the trees and so do some of Winter's job. Perhaps twenty times the new King had watched the old King prepare autumn, and now he had everything under control, too. That is, all except one thing, and to save his life he couldn't remember what it was.

King Autumn called all his fairies together and asked them what was wrong with autumn. They told him they didn't know. Briskly, King Autumn lifted his red and brown robes and with a few quick words summoned his yellow coach and brown horses. Having arranged himself in bright robes and on silken pillows, he gave the command to start. Over fields and through woods they flew, stopping first at the milkweed, then at the hazelnuts, and so on until all were covered. But when he returned to the palace he had only the things to say that the fairies had said: that the milkweed was bursting its pod; that the hazel and chestnut and every other nut was ripe; that the apples and berries were changing color; and that the birds were almost gone.

The next day as he was sitting on his throne thinking, a new little fairy came dancing in. She curtsied daintily and asked, "Did your Majesty want to see me?"

"Well, I don't know what fairy you are, but the old King is going to come back tomorrow, and I can't find out what is wrong with autumn," said the new King.

The fairy thought awhile, and then asked meekly, "Milkweed all right? Hazelnut all right?"

"Yes, yes!" stormed the King.

"Then I know!" cried the fairy. "It's the leaves!"

"Of course!" cried the King. "but we can't do leaves in a night. Leaves change gradually."

"Of course we can," said the fairy. "We'll surprise the world. What is it without surprises?"

So that night, out went the workers. One group took buckets of red, yellow, orange, and brown paints and painted the leaves. Another group took bellows and blew the leaves dry. Another group took tiny toasters and toasted the leaves so that they would be crisp. Then the last group, the cutters, came and cut half the leaves off the trees. And the world woke up the next morning to a bright autumn day.

DAGMAR QUEVLI, *Class VI.*

WAITING



INE-THIRTY! "Ann, didn't your beau say he'd be here at nine-fifteen? You've been ready for a very long time." That was Mother calling again. I wish she wouldn't call the boys who come to see me "beaux." It's so absolutely dated. *Absolutely!* She always gets so excited when I come in or go out half an hour late. I wonder what it was like when she was young? She probably started at seven and had to be in at ten. I don't see how they had any fun, keeping the hours they did. But Mom says she had a good enough time, and I suppose she did if you call sitting in the parlor with the family all evening or sitting in the porch swing, having a good time.

I wonder where Bob is? I wish he'd come. I've been home all day getting ready for tonight. You'd think he would at least be on time for a first date. All the girls say he likes to keep them waiting. He must think he's Heaven's Gift to Women, and—well—he is!

Dad doesn't seem to care about my going out as much as Mom. I'll wager he had a good time when he was little. He must have been pretty little, too, because they nicknamed him Peewee.

It's almost a quarter of ten. Where is Bob?

I have to laugh when Dad tells me some of the things he and the gang used to do, especially on Hallowe'en. It must have been something to live in a small town and be able to play all the pranks he did—or, at least, he tells me he did. I'd like to have been there the night they took Grandad's brand new buggy out of the barn and rolled it down Main Street hill. But I shouldn't like to have been there when Grandad found out about it and caught them!

Bob Sylvester, if you don't get here in five minutes, I just won't speak to you!

Dad must have had a lot of girls, or, anyway it sounds as if he did from the way he talks about them. I thought I'd never stop laughing when he told me about the girl he "went steady with" in college. It seems she met an Italian count when she was wearing Dad's pin. She ran off with the count, married him, and moved to Italy, but she still has Dad's pin.

You have just two more minutes, Bob. Oh, good! There's his car now. I'd know that motor a mile away.

"Oh, Mother, I'm going upstairs. Will you please answer the door and tell Bob I won't be down for about ten minutes because I just got in and I'm not quite ready?"

There—that'll fix him!

ANN SPROWL, *Class XI.*

WINTER PARADISE

Still white snow fields gleam in the sun;
A blue sky above, the Lodge at the foot
Of this stately white slope that you'll ski down soon.
Climb up the hill, panting and puffing—
Ski over ski, a climb long and slow.
Up on the crest, a glance at the landscape,
Then dig with your poles in the soft powder snow.
Down to the bottom, the wind whipping 'round you—
A twist of the shoulders leaves curves in your wake,
And powdery puffs, roused by your passing,
Settle gently again, like glittering dust.
The bottom comes closer, the Lodge seems to loom,
A quick shift of weight, and the slender long skis
Come to a stop with a shower of snow.

CONSTANCE BREWER, *Class X.*

TRAFFIC


Looking out of a hotel window,
I noticed the cars passing by;
Some speeding by,
Impatiently, to their destinations,
Others moving slowly by,
Crawling like snails.
Trucks bumping along,
Up the avenue,
Down the street,
Around a curve, around a corner.
Red light!
Stop!
Green light!
On goes the moving mass.

What's that in the truck?
Tea—tea from China across the sea.
What's that behind the bus?
A horse and wagon in the moving mass,
Prodded on by a series of honks,
Telling the driver of the wagon:
Not so slow!
Up the avenue,
Down the street,
Around a curve, around a corner.
Red light!
Stop!
Green light!
On goes the moving mass.

What a variety of cars is seen;
Old 1920 models, late 1942 models,
Colored black, blue, red, tan, brown, and green;
Expensive models, inexpensive models,
Buicks, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, and Fords,
With licenses from New York, California, Kansas, Ohio,
Michigan, Georgia, and Virginia.
Up the avenue,
Down the street,
Around a curve, around a corner.
Red light!
Stop!
Green light!
On goes the moving mass.

MARY JEANNE NORRIS, *Class XII.*

THE STORM

HE day started out warm and sultry. Clouds began to appear in the sky until it looked like dusk. Then there was a flash of lightning followed by a low rumble in the distance. Large raindrops splashed against the window pane. Now the thunder was growing louder, and the lightning flashed, illuminating the sky. Then came darkness and the down-pour of rain beating against the windows, bending flowers to the earth and making little rivers in the streets. It seemed as though the world would float away.

Gradually the storm lessened, the clouds parted, and a patch of blue appeared. In a burst of glory the sun shone once more upon the rain-drenched earth. The flowers raised their heads toward the warm rays of the sun. Then the brilliant iridescent colors of the rainbow stretched across the eastern sky. Vapor floated up from the roof-tops and streets, filling the air with a warm sweet fragrance.

As the twilight deepened, the rainbow slowly faded away, and, one by one, twinkling stars gleamed in the moonlight.

NORMA DEMICK, *Class IX.*

THE CHALLENGER

Dusk falls along the railroad tracks.
In the distance is heard the far off whistle of a train.
Eagerly we crouch by the trestle, the dog and I, as the whistle
 grows louder.
Along the side of the hill a trail of smoke appears.
The Challenger swings around the curve,
The shining beam of her headlight piercing the gathering darkness.
Smoke pours out of her stack.
The ground shakes.
The roaring is louder, closer.
With a last mighty roar, the huge locomotive thunders past.
High above us, Ray, the fireman,
Waves his gloved hand from the window of the cab.
Then the long black cars with "*The Challenger*"
Lettered in red on their sides rush by.
The signal light turns red as
The Challenger disappears around the next hill,
And we turn our footsteps homeward.

NANCY THOMAS, *Class VIII.*

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

Serene
Silent
Strong
With an irresistible force,
Yet gently—always gently,
(*Christ worked gently*)
You touched each one
Who passed within the door
Inscribed "From Strength to Strength."

You knocked at our hearts,
And waited—
(*Christ knew how to wait*)
Waited quietly to be invited in.
And you missed no one.

Some—the weak, the pitiful ones,—
Refused your plea,
(*Judas was weak and pitiful*)
And some only recognized you hurriedly.
Those were the ungracious ones.
But a few welcomed you:
Those were and always will be
The happy, the wise, the grateful ones.

Some think you dwell
In bricks, and boards, and stones.
But we who hold you in our hearts
Know they are wrong.
For, once inside us
Serene
Silent
Strong
You become a living fire,
Enabling us to go
"From Strength to Strength"
Calmly and unafraid.

DORIS CARRINGTON, '41.

1941-1942

September							February						
S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	S	m	T	W	Th	F	S
1	8	9	10	11	12	13	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
28	29	30					22	23	24	25	26	27	28
October							March						
S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				
November							April						
S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	S	m	T	W	Th	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					
December							May						
S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	S	m	T	W	Th	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					
January							June						
S	m	T	W	Th	F	S	S	m	T	W	Th	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					

PAST PERFECT

(With apologies to Ilka Chase)

- September 8—School opens. Oh, so many new faces from Spokane, Aberdeen, Everett, Walla Walla, and Chehalis. Other new out-of-state girls from San Francisco, Oakland, Anchorage, Portland, Klamath Falls, and Kellogg, Idaho. New teachers too—Mlle. Cadieux, Miss Ellis, Miss Hylton, and Mrs. Weiss. The Student Council gives us "Annie's Alphabet" and sage advice and, in a skit, shows us how "it used to be." We celebrate Annie's fifty-eighth birthday with a tre-men-dous cake, and we have a lovely time in the Great Hall.
- September 19—The Blue and Golds welcome new additions to their teams at A. A. Initiation. Ye-a-a-a teams!
- September 26-27—The Portland Art Museum has an exhibit of Old Masters which draws great crowds and the "City of Roses" is hospitable to some of our art lovers, and some who aren't!
- October 4—An exciting "Go and See Trip" to many Community Chest organizations. Several girls (in loud tones) promptly and solemnly dedicate themselves to the human race. This trip makes our giving to the Chest so much more real.
- October 6—The Seminary steps out in style to hear *Manon* at the Civic Auditorium in Seattle. *Manon* with Grace Moore is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.
- October 18—The Seniors trip the light fantastic at their dance. A real night club atmosphere, if you should inquire! Floor show and all.
- October 22—Petite and lovely Lily Pons sets a high goal for our ambitious "Seminary Songbirds."
- October 31—You should see the faculty! As Seminary students they are models of what they carefully tell us not to be. The dinner is fun and the Juniors walk off with the cup for their hilarious skit at the Hallowe'en Party. Best party we've ever had!
- November 25—Turkey, with all the feathers on, is coming out our ears as we return from Thanksgiving Vacation. So-o-o many of us land in the Infirmary the next day Miss Fitch has to send little warnings to our parents anent the next vacation.
- December 5—Christmas Carnival with a huge Christmas Tree in the center of the gym floor. The carnival is a big success in fun and finance.
- December 7—Pearl Harbor!!! We couldn't believe it, and now we're buying Defense Stamps, having air raid drills, and are trying to beat Mr. Ickes at his little game of saving fuel.
- December 13—Socks and saddles, fun and food, music and men set the Seminary right the night of the Junior Informal. It is a good start for a merry Christmas.
- December 17—Czarist Russia comes to life in the Christmas Play, held in the late afternoon for fear of blackouts and for the better health of the little girls. A great success and a beautiful afternoon.
- December 18—We are doubly repaid for the Carol Service so greatly missed last year, by one of the most beautiful services ever held in the Chapel. Great Christmas trees, poinsettias on the altar, a beautiful Della Robbia wreath given by Mrs. Titcomb in memory of Jane, and soft, glowing candles everywhere. We miss the Bishop, but the music is lovely. Miss Jacobsen and the choir deserve warmest praise from all of us. Christmas Dinner, formal this year, is the best ever.
- December 19—Home! Nothing more need be said, except—Merry Christmas!
- January 5—Back! Nothing more need be said, except—Happy New Year!

- January 15—It must be the Irish in us! The Juniors make a big hit in their bright green sweaters. Put the Seniors and the Juniors together and your eyes think it's Christmas again.
- January 24—Ballet Russe . . . We wonder how they ever do it!
- January 31—Paradise and skiing, and the Seminary goes in for thrills and spills and lots of fun at Mount Rainier.
- February 14—All the hearts are a-flutter as the valentines pour in. Poor Mr. Huber, the Post Office Department's valiant and devoted emissary to the Seminary, can't even get a break on Saturday. Fun!
- February 20—Washington's Birthday Recess. The Father of Our Country sends all the girls home to "poppa."
- March 7—The Sophomore-Freshman Hop; and we do just that. A very good time is "had by all."
- March 11—Grace Moore again—but this time without *Manon*. She does so well by herself that all the Lily Pons' fans change their voices from coloratura to lyric. Over night, too. It is a great relief!
- March 13, 14—Three schools off for the week-end. Lakeside, Helen Bush, and the Sem. are in Paradise for three days. How quickly we do come to earth, though.
- March 20—"Bringing in Father." A great evening with dads and magicians. What we want to know is: (1) why don't we have squab for breakfast the next morning, because those pigeons just disappear never to be seen again; and (2) how do those mystic men change places in that trunk? The whole thing is a seven days' wonder.
- March 21—Catlin Play Day. A thrilling basketball game, with a five-minute overtime bringing Catlin that coveted extra basket; the first workout for the Grill; and good fun in the pool that afternoon. Catlin is *ver-ry* tired when it is time to start homeward on the five-twenty.
- March 28—Bush Play Day. A rare display of might by both schools in the little matters of basketball and eating hamburgers. The Seminary's score tops Bush's, but it's all in the game. The Masque Players give a short play in the afternoon; then we all go in for a dip hour.
- April 3-13—Spring Vacation, and only one day in which to shop for our Easter bonnets.
- April 11—Scholastic Aptitude and Achievement Tests. Nothing more need be said, not even—"happy landing."
- April 25—Junior Prom! Lovely dinners and a beautiful dance. There'll never be another one like it.
- May 2—No Dad's Day this year. The tire situation seems to be the trouble, but we suspect Mr. Ickes again!
- May 16—May Day. Hazel makes a lovely Queen and rules over the most beautiful May Day yet. Novel ideas in the matter of music and dancing give newness to the old tradition. We love it. Athletic Banquet that night at which suspense and joy nearly kill us.
- June 1-5—Exam Week. Our brains, hands, and pens are exhausted. We recommend that Mr. Ickes ration ink, pencils, and blue books so that all examinations may be cut to the minimum, or better still—eliminated. In the name of national defense, we demand Mr. Ickes' attention to *this* matter!
- June 9—The Senior Play, *Androcles and the Lion*. We're still rolling in the aisles. That class can do Bernard Shaw, or was it he who did them? Mr. Shaw always fascinates us—it's just the Shavian in us!
- June 10—Commencement. Another marvelous year closes and we've loved every minute of it. We're going to miss those grand Seniors too—the famous Class of 1942! Our love and good wishes go with you.

ANN SPRAWL AND ELKA ROBBINS, Class XI.

GREETINGS FROM THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Dear Graduating Class:

You have now completed your high school years and are eager to pursue those ambitions closest to you. You feel perhaps a bit uncertain, yet you know the knowledge you have absorbed and the friendships you have made will always be with you wherever you are. Your memories of our school will grow dearer to you as you broaden your acquaintance.

It is a pleasure to welcome you into the Alumnae Association. Through the alumnae you will still have close contact with the Seminary, working with us to keep our school and its traditions alive.

We of the alumnae know that you will be proud to become members of our group. You, who have just graduated, are the girls who will soon be assuming the responsibilities of our association. We sincerely hope that you will find as much pleasure in it as we do, and that you will feel the same pride in accomplishing our aims.

The best of luck,

PHYLLIS DICKMAN, '37,
President, Alumnae Association.

WHO'S WHO — 1938 - 1941

THE CLASS OF 1938:

Joan Burmeister is a *Delta Gamma* at the University of Washington and will be graduated this June.

Virginia Crowe is a *Delta Gamma*, too! She is also a member of Totem Club (upper class honorary society) and is the associate editor of *Tyee*, the University of Washington's yearbook.

Patricia Fraser is at Smith College and Phyllis Fraser attended Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, last year, but is at present in Boise, Idaho.

Martha Turner Gonyea, ex-president of the Alumnae Association, is taking an active part in alumnae affairs and is leader of the Seminary's Brownie Pack.

Joan Hopkins with her sister, Sarah, was in Denmark at the time of the German invasion of that country. They had an exciting and adventurous time traveling through Finland, Russia, Siberia, and finally crossed the Pacific. Joan is now at Goucher College in Baltimore.

Ann Huston, who is registered in the School of Nursing at the University of Washington, is now busy with her nurse's training at Harborview Hospital in Seattle.

Muriel MacDonald Will, ex-'38, is living in Tacoma while her husband is stationed at Fort Lewis. Muriel is helping with the Brownie Pack at the Seminary.

Mary Jean Morris Taylor, who was married in Reno in November, is living with her parents in Tacoma while her husband, Lt. Henry G. Taylor, is overseas.

Ann Murray will be graduated from Vassar College this June.

Mary Nasmyth is continuing her flying in Walla Walla, while attending Whitman College, and has become a member of the Civil Air Patrol.

Shirley Robbins, president of the Associated Women Students at the University of Washington, was initiated into the Totem Club and into *Gamma Alpha Chi*, an advertising honorary society.

Betty Jo Simpson, a *Gamma Phi Beta* at the University of Washington, is a member of the Totem Club, vice-president of her sorority house, and was its rushing chairman this year. As a major in the department of drama, she is doing radio work, acting, and directing.

Frances Young, a senior at Wellesley, will receive her degree in history, this June.

THE CLASS OF 1939:

Jean Bullen is in her junior year at Whitman College.

Gloria Difford has been reelected president of the *Alpha Phi* sorority at the University of Oregon.

Frances Eggert is a *Delta Gamma* at the University of Washington.

Faye Garber, a *Sigma Kappa* at the University of Washington, is taking a special course in training as a laboratory technician for the Army or Navy.

Muriel Mattson is a junior at Wellesley College.

Margaret Miller is a *Gamma Phi Beta* at the University of Washington.

Florene Steele, a *Delta Gamma* at the University of Oregon, is majoring in art and her special interests are music and painting.

Valerie Walkinshaw is now attending the University of Washington and is a full-fledged *Kappa Kappa Gamma*.

THE CLASS OF 1940:

Mary Blankenhorn is in her second year at Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee, where she is majoring in applied design.

Ann Chapman has been given the honor of representing Pine Manor Junior College at the Dance Conference of the eastern colleges. Ann is a senior at Pine Manor and intends to transfer to the University of Oregon next year, to work in their department of botany.

Patricia Earley, a *Sigma Kappa* at the University of Washington, is frequently seen in Tacoma over the weekends.

Jean Fairweather is a *Gamma Phi Beta* at the University of Washington.

Vera Fraser, a sophomore at Scripps College, flew north to be maid-of-honor at her sister's wedding in February.

Mary Kent Hewitt is at Connecticut College and is a member of the dramatic club.

Suzanne Ingram transferred at mid-year from Connecticut College to the University of Washington.

June Lynde, after a year at Scripps College, has taken a position with the Pacific Telephone Company in Seattle.

Mary Belle Martin and Lois Fisher, students at the University of Oregon, are seen occasionally in Tacoma on weekends.

Doralu Redmon is at Stanford University, and Ann Schuchart is an *Alpha Phi* at the University of Washington.

Jean Webster is a sophomore at Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Virginia.

THE CLASS OF 1941:

Mary Elizabeth Abeel is enjoying her first year at Mills College, Oakland, California. Mary Jean Rosenberry is also a freshman at Mills.

Estelle Beall is at the University of Washington.

Rocelia Bordeaux, who visited the Seminary during her spring vacation, reports that she is doing her part for civilian defense by learning "the mechanic's trade" at Mills College.

Beverley Brown is enthusiastic about her music course at Cornish School in Seattle.

Doris Carrington is a member of the dramatic club at Scripps College.

Patricia Clark is at Smith College.

Mary Heard is at the University of Washington and Barbara Hibbard is a freshman at Whitman College.

Beverly Howe is at the University of Washington and is a member of *Alpha Phi*.

Betty Ann Love is a freshman at Stanford University and has just pledged *Delta Gamma*.

Janet McCoy is a member of the Freshman Choir at Smith College.

Leslie McKay loves Reed College and has made the following teams: freshman soccer team, college basketball team, college volleyball team, and the college badminton team. Leslie is certainly keeping up the old tradition of S. A. C. and Athletic Association!

Barbara Mears is an *Alpha Chi Omega* at the University of Idaho and has been invited to become a member of *Alpha Lambda Delta*, freshman national scholastic honorary society.

Danae Morgenstern is at the University of Washington. Barbara Tucker has become a member of *Chi Omega* at the University of Washington.

Jean Warren is a student at the University of Colorado and Louise Wilbur is at the University of Washington.

WEDDINGS

IN RAYNOR CHAPEL:

Miss Muriel MacDonald to Lt. James Weller Will, August the thirtieth, 1941.

Miss Virginia Ludwick to Mr. Harold Dille, December the thirty-first, 1941.

Miss Jean Hutchinson to Lt. Paul Frederick Jueling, Jr., January the third, 1942.

Miss Margaret McGinnis to Lt. Edwin Harvey Headland, U. S. N., February the twelfth, 1942.

Miss Charlotte Doud to Mr. Donald MacDonald, February the fourteenth, 1942.

Miss Audsley Fraser to Lt. John Clarence Townsend, Jr., February the twenty-first, 1942.

Miss Barbara Rothermel to Lt. Millard Warren Fillmore, March the sixteenth, 1942.

Miss Amy Lou Murray to Ensign Robert Young, U. S. N., March the twenty-first, 1942.

IN OTHER PLACES:

Miss Mary Jean Morris to Lt. Henry G. Taylor in Reno, Nevada, November the seventeenth, 1941.

Miss Margaret Kelly to Lt. John Kenneth Cameron in the Fort Lewis Chapel, March the fifteenth, 1942.

Miss Barbara Bonnell to Mr. Jerome Kopet of Spokane, in Christ Church, Tacoma, April the fourth, 1942.

Miss Sarah Hopkins to Mr. Bliss Moore in St. John's Cathedral, Spokane, March the twenty-fifth, 1942.

Miss Dorothy Stewart to Mr. Carl German, in St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, New York City, April the eighteenth, 1942.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Mary Page Sherman to Mr. Lloyd Grobe, announced in Spokane.

Miss Frances Ellanor Crawford to Mr. Sidney L. Miller of Washington, D. C., announced in San Francisco.

Miss Betty June Howe to Mr. Peter K. Wanger of San Francisco, announced in Tacoma.

Miss Doralu Redmon to Mr. Loren La Prade, announced at Palo Alto, California.

Miss Frances McGinnis to Lt. Louis MacDonald Heck, announced in Tacoma.



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THE YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE
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ON THE PART OF THE
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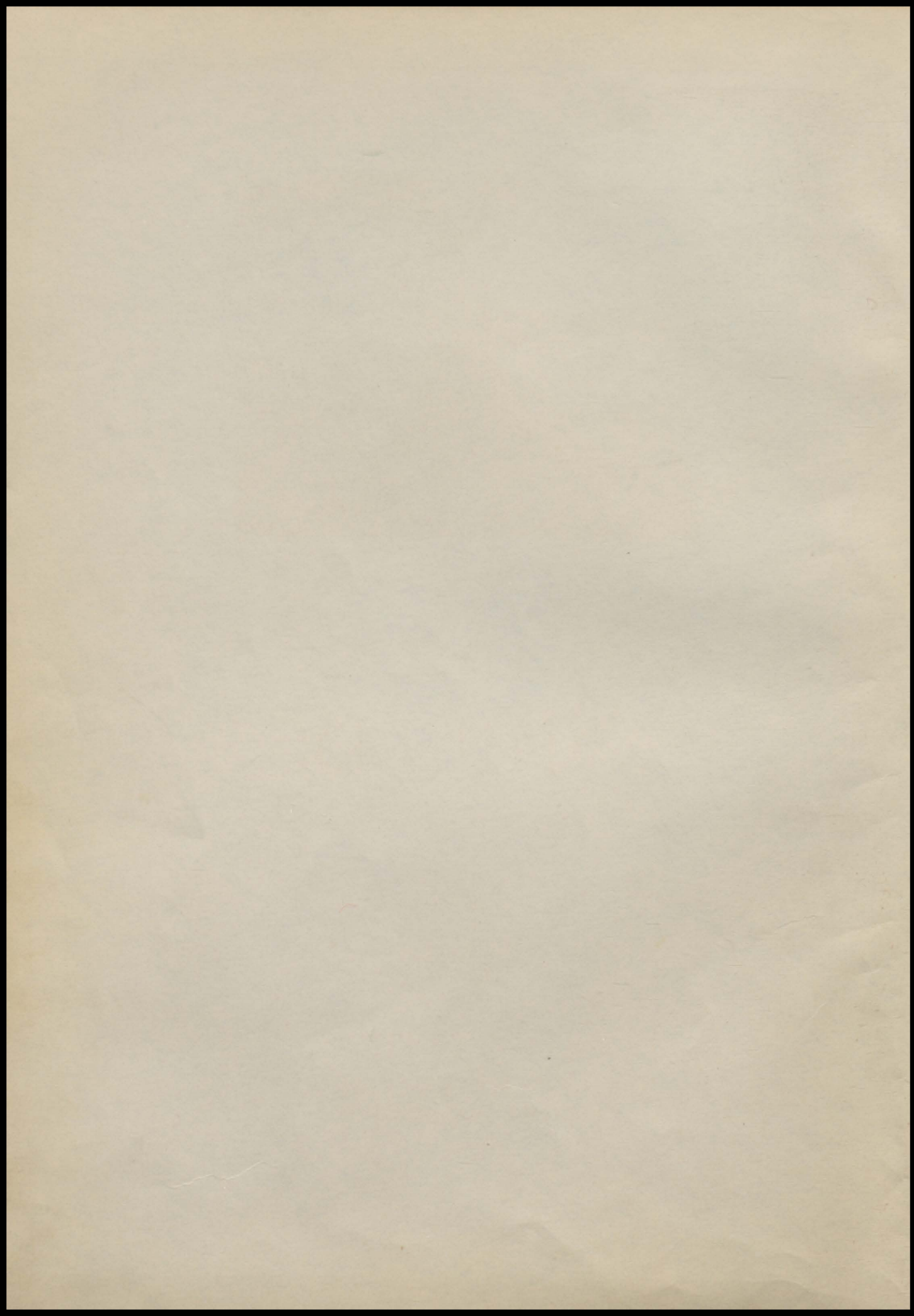
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Helen White

Betty Hopkins

Mary Jeanne Norris

Frances McGinnis

Catherine Gilbert

Jane Bronson

George Wilkerson

